

I do not love a cat—his disposition is mean and suspicious.—A friendship of years is canceled in a moment, by an accidental tread on his tail or feet. He instantly spits, raises his back, twirls his tail of malignity, and shows you, turning back as he goes off, a staring, vindictive face, of horrid oaths and unforgiveness, seeming to say, "Perdition catch you! I hate you forever." But the dog is my delight; tread on his tail or foot, he expresses, for a moment, the uneasiness of his feelings; but in an instant the complaint is ended. He runs round you; seems to declare his sorrow for complaining, as it was not intentionally done; nay, to make himself the aggressor; and begs, by whinnings and lickings, that his master will think no more of it. Many a time when Ranger, wishing